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This corresponds fairly closely with the observations recorded at Kieta. According to the statements of white residents, there would appear to have been much less north-west wind during the year I spent on the islands than is usually the case. Possibly in years when this change in the direction of the wind is more marked, there may be a more definite 'rainy season' than was experienced by me. The islands are outside the hurricane belt. Only on two occasions (Jan. 11 and July 9, 1930) was the wind strong enough to do real damage to the native huts, which are not built to withstand a gale. The former of these was remarked by the white residents as being a south-east wind, unusual at that time, when the north-west wind should have been blowing. The direction and force of the wind are important to the native because when a heavy sea is running their fishing operations are badly hampered, and this, if continued for more than a day or two, means insufficient variety of diet.

NATIVE REACTION TO CLIMATE

All these people feel the cold very much. They dislike rain, partly because it brings cold, but also for the wetting, and when forced to go out in it will cut a large leaf, probably of bush taro, to use as an umbrella. During a spell of wet weather, with the thermometer on my verandah ranging somewhere in the 70's instead of the usual 80–90°, they went about with their shoulders hunched and their arms folded across their chests, looking the picture of misery. Any blankets or towels that they happened to possess were wrapped round them, and the few proud owners of a white man's vest or coat wore it day and night. They seemed to begin to feel cold wherever the temperature dropped below 80°. Fires would be lighted, and a group would soon gather round, sitting almost on the top of them, or people would light torches of coco-nut-palm leaves and hold them close to their bodies. I have seen them take a smouldering log and all but burn their skins with it.

They will work all day in blazing sun in the taro garden or fishing on the reef if the spirit moves them. But they do not sit in the sun, and they keep their children out of it. A mother may be obliged to take her baby with her when she goes to search for shellfish on the reef, but she will keep its head carefully under her hood. The more enterprising put up shelters behind their houses to give them shade.

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slings of banana-fibre with a base of the heavy spathes of the areca-palm) and set off for the taro gardens, or they may tie round their waists the little baskets which they use to catch fish in the rock-pools or to store the shell-fish they collect from the reef at low tide. Almost every day a small party goes off on a bartering expedition, to meet the women from some other village with goods for exchange. The more energetic of the men will be flourishing bush-knives or fishing-rods; one may seize a spear and announce his intention of going to hunt wild pig, to the huge delight of all the dogs in the village, who signify their approval in the usual canine fashion, and there is no peace in the village till he has disappeared with them into the bush. A party may be told off to work on the government road in order to keep it in sufficiently good condition to avoid a scolding from the A.D.O. on his next visit. Eventually, most people go off somewhere, either to work or to laze, unless there is a house being built or a canoe being finished, in which case some of the men will set to work on it, in rather desultory fashion. The boys wearing the *upi* depart in a gang on some ploy of their own, the girls have either gone with their mothers or are left to look after the younger children, and usually one or two adults also remain in the village, having chosen not to work to-day. They do not like prolonged concentration on anything, and if I ask somebody, especially a young man, what he is going to do to-day, I shall very likely get the answer: 'Nothing, I worked yesterday.' There would seem really to be some justification for the universal complaint of the older men that the young men nowadays are lazy! The women do not bring back from the taro garden enough provender for more than a day or two at a time, so they cannot take as many 'days off' as their menfolk do. The very few really industrious families have probably built themselves a shelter of banana leaves beside their taro patch, and will not come near the village for days together. Those who remain in the village spend a good part of the day in sleep. Women with small babies, or minding those old enough to be left by their mothers, sit about on the back verandah or on prostrate logs, fondling the infants. For a time, in the early afternoon, the village is quiet.

In course of time the women come back with their baskets of shell-fish or their loads of taro or firewood, carried on their backs as we carry a rucksack. The little girls go off to the water-pools in the bush and return with the family's water-supply—for all purposes—in a dozen or so cleaned-out coconut shells.

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poses—in a dozen or so cleaned-out coco-nut shells. The men come in from the reef, dangling strings of fish, if they have been lucky, or from the bush with a 'possum or two on a pole over their shoulders. Smoke begins to rise from every hut, in preparation for the main meal of the day. This consists for the most part of taro, but it is essential to have a 'relish' of fish, shell-fish, or 'possum, or, in the rare event of a hunter having been successful, a piece of wild pig, if the animal is not required to be kept alive for a forthcoming feast. But either the pigs are very wary, or, which is more likely, the hunter has given less attention to his quarry than to his assignation, for it is not often that he brings home any spoil.

The meal disposed of, the sound of the conch-shell calls the village to evening service. By the time it is over, the sun will have set. There is no twilight in these latitudes, darkness falling a very short time after the sun has disappeared. Fires provide the only illumination, and soon appear dotted about the village, with groups sitting round them chatting and playing with the children. In spite of what may have seemed an uneventful day, they always have plenty to talk about, and they sometimes tease one another unmercifully. If a dance is going on, any one who wishes joins in, and, if the occasion is a ceremonial one, and is sufficiently important, every one, children as well as adults, stays up all night, some always keeping the dance going while others stop to rest, to eat, or to make love, returning to the ranks of the dancers as and when they feel inclined.

If nothing is toward, the village settles down for the night very early, unless there is a moon, when it will resound with gossip and laughter for a long time. It is considered silly to go to bed while the moon shines. Once when I excused myself for leaving the assembled company on the ground that I was sleepy, they laughed, and said: 'This is not the time to go to bed. By and by, when the moon is gone, then you can sleep.'

Thus runs the course of an ordinary day in the life of a Bougainville village. In order to ascertain how the natives spent their time, individually, I kept for a while a daily record of certain of those who lived nearest to me, not, of course, in great detail, but noting what they were doing for the major part of each day. The records vary, naturally, with the character of the individual. Some are much more public-spirited than others, and take a prominent part in most village activities, other arrange their days to suit their own

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tsuhus = to-morrow.
buynu = day after to-morrow.
buey sesuse = in ten days' time.[1]
ōboin = yesterday.
nanian = day before yesterday.
buey pusān = the day before that.
buey matfin = the day before that again, i.e. 4 days ago.

Within the day, time is designated by reference to the sun. The speaker points to the place where the sun will be in the sky at the time indicated. In these latitudes, this varies hardly at all at the same time of day throughout the year. The names of the different parts of the day are as follows:

patun takas = early dawn (lit. 'the head of the dawn', when the sun is still below the horizon).
mbnub = dawn, as it begins to get lighter.
pōtan taputs non = sunrise (lit. 'the sun comes up').
patun vanu = noon (lit. 'the head of the village'); also expressed by *pōtan to no me egin*, 'the sun has gone on top'.
tarēv = afternoon (abbreviation of *pōtan to rēv non*, 'the sun begins to go down').
rūkunon = sunset (abbreviation of *pōtan to rūku non*, 'the sun sets').
bubuni = night (= darkness, as opposed to light).
ōmi = night (as opposed to day, *pa ōmi* = by night).

Except for occasional major excitements, such as the preparations for and performance of an important ceremony, and the tension caused by a death, which, however, soon passes, these folk keep the even tenure of their way, living a life full of small but absorbing interests. They certainly enjoy their pleasures—making love, dancing, eating, gossiping, or 'just sitting'. No one, child or adult, is concerned to 'fill each unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run', but a certain amount of more or less arduous labour must be undertaken in order to provide themselves with means of subsistence, and though the rule 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat' permits of some exceptions, there are few who do not pull their weight in the community.

[1] Counting is as follows: (1) *pa'as*, (2) *boak*, (3) *kuhan*, (4) *tama*, (5) *tonim*, (6) *tamus*, (7) *tawit*, (8) *tomal*, (9) *toal*, (10) *sesun*. Some groups do not go beyond five.

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blade (*gorugoru*). Both are hafted on to handles of which the *halau*, i.e. the part supporting the blade (*gōwi*), is in one piece with the part held in the hand (*ueran*). This latter is long, fairly thin, and rather roughly straightened. The blade is bound to the handle with strips of the tough outside rind of the creeper *Lygodium dichotomum* (*aisam* in the Petats dialect, the same as *asam* in the Kurtatchi dialect). The second form of adze has a curved blade, hafted in the same manner. There is another tool (*geru*) consisting of a curved blade fixed on to a piece of wood (*pilts*), which revolves in a groove cut in the handle, so that the blade can be turned round. The straight part of the canoe is trimmed roughly with the axe; the shaping of the ends, the keel, and most of the inside work is done with one or other of the adzes, and the corners and curved pieces with the *geru*.

Method of Construction. Dug-out canoes are very numerous on the island of Petats, the position of which is favourable to their use. At one time during my three months' residence six were in process of manufacture simultaneously. At Kurtatchi they are less in evidence, the coast being much rougher, and are generally kept at the fishing hamlet of Tarongen, on the other side of the peninsula, in the shelter of the bay. Two were made by the Kurtatchi people while I was there. The method is the same in both places, but as I watched most carefully the process of manufacture at Petats, my description hails from that island. A job of this sort is usually carried out rather spasmodically, and the time required varies a good deal. Possibly more than the usual amount of concentration was put into the work done on this canoe, at least during the initial stages, because its maker was anxious to show me what he could do. I have known a half-finished canoe to be left untouched for weeks at a time because the craftsman did not feel inclined to work on it. But with this proviso, the time is more or less representative.

October 28. Tree felled. The one selected as suitable had a trunk of 12 feet in circumference about 4 feet above the ground, where it was felled, and continued the same size for a considerable part of its height. The upper portion of the trunk was cut away, leaving a piece which they said measured 4½ *gā* (*gā* = a fathom or span, roughly about 6 feet) to be converted into the canoe. My measurement made it a little over 25 feet.

October 29. The bark was stripped off, except for a piece on the keel. The outside was trimmed roughly to shape; the portion

of white colonists do not exist in Bougainville even today, but since the island affords great stretches of the finest soil, and in addition favorable sites for anchoring and landing, the time is certainly not far off when tropical agriculture in modern form will enter there, too, and then even the last vestiges of traditional culture will come to a rapid end as has been the case everywhere else in the South Sea Islands.

Stanley entitled his travel book about Africa Through the Dark Continent, but a depiction of Bougainville that is exhaustive in every respect could justifiably bear the title: "From the Darkest Part of a Dark Island World."

[4] Character of the People

Older reports as a rule give an incorrect portrayal of the character of the islanders; there was a general tendency to consider them among the wildest of the South Sea inhabitants. It must be conceded that on first acquaintance they do not inspire much confidence; the naked almost black figures with their sparkling eyes, lively gesticulation, and the excellent arms they always have at hand on land as well as at sea, necessarily arouse distrust -- all the more so since their former numerous warlike encounters with the whites and their reputation of being vicious cannibals seem to confirm the preconceived notion.

I will say no more about conflicts with the whites. In most cases the natives were acting defensively, and wherever a real attack upon white men can be proved, the reason must frequently enough be regarded as an act of vengeance for some preceding injustice. Indeed it cannot be denied that there are among the islanders also bad individuals who, for the sake of profit and in order to acquire the valuable goods of the whites more easily, do not hesitate to apply force; but cases of this sort occur everywhere in the world.

As workers and servants the islanders are loyal and reliable; they are not particularly intelligent and at the beginning of their service require much training before they comprehend what they have to do, but once they have comprehended this, then one can rely on them to do their duty without constant supervision. At home they do not work excessively hard, for they have no nose for profit or accumulating material possessions; however, they always have sufficient food and keep their plantations in good order; they see to it that they have good dwellings and take great pains in the construction of their boats,

both large and small. On the whole they treat their women well and share with them the labors of field work. I could cite a great number of examples proving that they do not always kill everyone who lands on their island voluntarily or involuntarily. On the east side of the islands it frequently happens that people from Ongtang Java, from the Gilbert Islands or from other groups situated to the east are blown off their course and land there; many of these are traded off for a small present to ships that occasionally pass by and others establish a new home there. In the year 1896, on the west coast, I met nine natives from the Trobriand Group (on the coast of New Guinea). They had been driven in their boat all the way to the little island of Saposi on the northwest end of Bougainville and had been individually adopted into the families; they were getting along so well that I succeeded only after long debate in persuading them to come on board so as to be sent to their homeland. In 1885 an American had settled with some other whites on an island in the King Albert Strait between Buka and Bougainville. The man appears to have been an unbearable fellow; several of his comrades left him in a boat and, after a long journey, landed on the island of Nusa at the north end of New Mecklenburg; only one endured it for some time, but then also left him with the aid of the natives; the latter at first kept him for a time in Hanahan on the east coast of northern Buka and then brought him overland to Carola Harbor. From there he got to New Pomerania [New Britain] with a ship that had docked there. The man asserted that during his almost three month long stay among the natives he had always been treated in a friendly and hospitable manner and never had the feeling that he was in a particularly dangerous situation. The old chieftain Gorai in the Shortland Group saved many a white from death. When at the beginning of the eighties a German schooner from Apia (Samoa) was stranded on a neighboring island and Gorai found out that the white crew was in great danger, he assembled his people, manned a number of his large boats, and went to aid the endangered whites. For a long time afterwards they were his guests until they had the opportunity to get to Mioko in the Bismarck Archipelago. On another occasion a merchant schooner from Australia had struck a coral reef in the Shortland Islands. Gorai was away, and some less favorably disposed islanders planned to kill the crew of the ship and steal the cargo. But Gorai came home

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